

ADUIT YHIL U



# *Gravity Hill*

Student Review

Kelly Rothlisberger- Editor  
Andrew Potter- Asst. Editor

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Dedicated to

Margaret Houston

October 17, 1944 - February 9, 2006

A wonderful, brilliant woman who will not be  
forgotten. May you rest in peace.



# Editor's Note

This is the second edition of Gravity Hill. I was honored last year when I was asked to take on the task of Gravity Hill. It has been a wonderful experience, which has allowed me to read many wonderful poems and stories from our talented students, faculty, and alumni. Gravity Hill was founded last year as an opportunity for students, Faculty, and Alumni to publish their work and show off their talents. We hope that Gravity Hill will continue to prosper and that people will continue to read and submit work to it. So I let you, reader, begin your wonderful journey through our inspirational writers and artists works, with hope that you will enjoy and be inspired yourself. Thank you contributors for the wonderful pieces of writing and art.

Happy Reading!

Kelly Rothlisberger

Editor, Gravity Hill

P.S. Thanks to everyone who submitted, Keep writing!

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Cover by Jason Tierney

\* Alumni

\*\*Faculty

## **Espresso**

*Heidi Noelle Hartbarger*

A friend brought me  
A small bone-frail china cup  
Painted with sunburst starfish wildflowers  
From Paris, where they drink  
Full blown baby coffees  
Without a blush.

## **Spring in New Orleans**

*Matthew Phelps*

How the sun pierced  
through the early cloudbreak  
as we rode the ferry to the city.

It was a short ride  
and you were too young for me.  
You send letters now,  
I mostly don't respond.  
You are states, worlds away now  
but for that week  
we ran through the glitter  
on silly trips to aquariums and bazarres,  
drank lemonade in the quarter beside the band.  
We decided we would stay forever.

Returning, we met your father on the hotel stairs,  
we were drunk and he was not pleased.

## **Salamander (Tanka)**

*Courtney Butler*

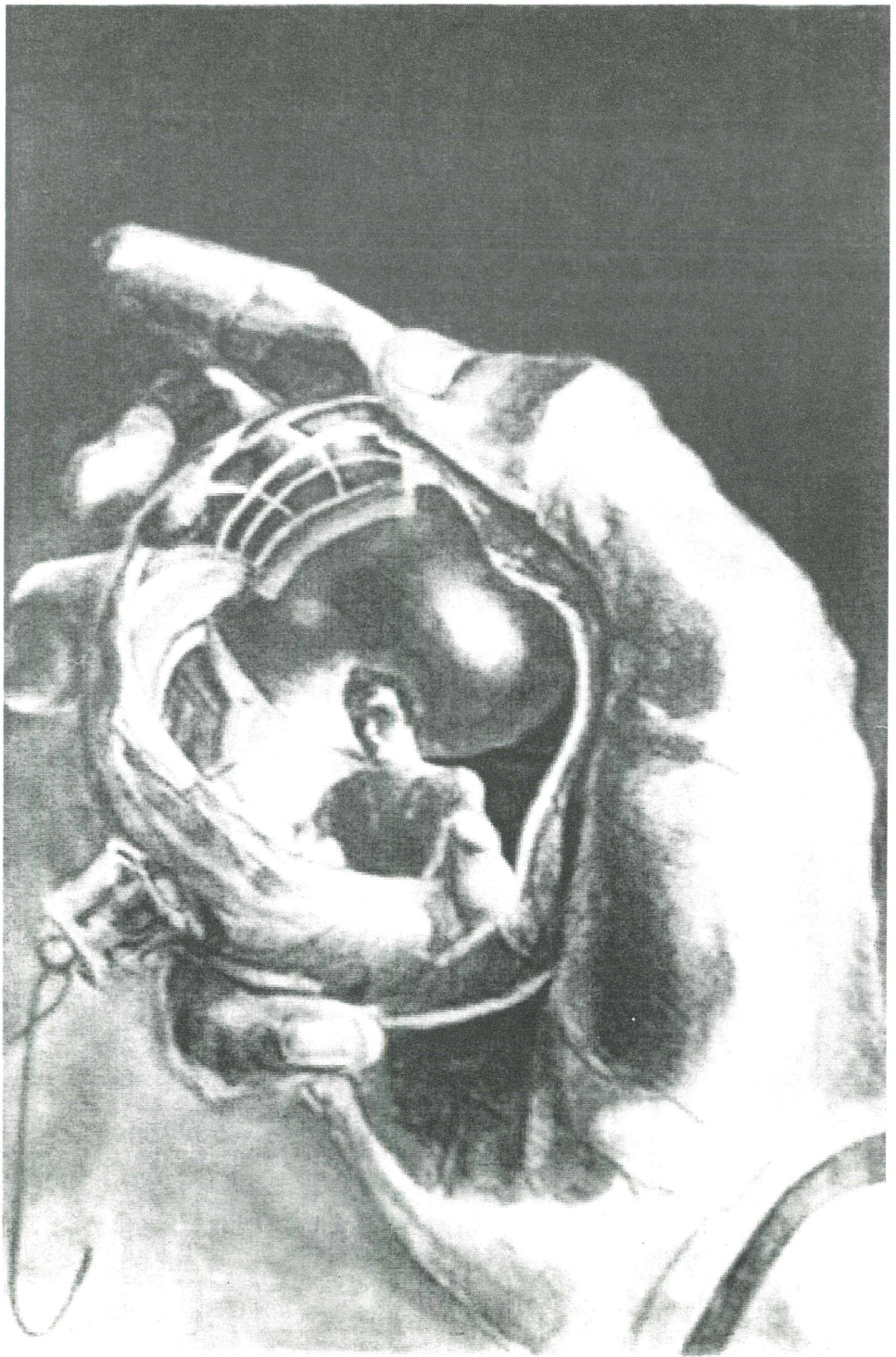
Fire-eating lizards  
Of orange and red pebbled skin  
I dreamt of you before  
And now I see you constantly  
Scurrying on the edge of my mind

## **Double-dactyl**

*Cecilia Walters*

Poormetice Womanice  
Condi Lee Leezza Rice  
Trying to sell a state  
Nobody wants!

Wasting her brilliant mind--  
Neo-imperial'st -  
Globe- trotting ev'ry where  
On useless jaunts!



Xmas Ball  
By Gabriel Ortiz



Still Life Value Study  
By Zack Miller

## Windows in Medieval Castles

*Ted Wojtasik*

Brunnenburg.

Not quite dawn.

The valley and the mountains still dream,  
tangled up in a chiaroscuro of clouds and fog.

And I sit outside on the steps to the garden,  
waiting for the espresso to boil,  
watching what lights in the valley still glow,  
wondering how I should change my life,

when a bat swoops past me and over the parapet---  
vanishes inside the thick folds of morning mist.

And that bat carries me back two years  
to one night in September when another bat  
circled and circled from corner to corner  
in my room, confused by the light.

How do you get a bat out of your room?  
Open all the windows, turn out all the lights, and wait.

Within moments, the bat will return to the outside world,  
to its true embrace--- the dark air, the black night.

and so, my friend, you can change your life.  
Open all the windows, turn out all the lights, and wait.

## "Colors of the Guitar"

*Carter Smith*

On a mild October day,  
I sat in the Piazza di Signoria

in Firenze

and as I enjoyed a cool beer,

thoughts wandering aimlessly,  
I heard music gliding through the air

A single man

with a single guitar I could recognize  
among the sounds of footsteps and foreign tongues  
But when I listened closely,

The six strings purring in harmony,  
drowning out all other noise,

His gentle notes carried me to a place

Far from where I was in that moment

After his hands left the strings

I wondered

When would I finally make it to that far away place?

And once there

Would the gentle notes of another carry me  
Right back here?

## Sincerity

*Debbie Smith*

How very blessed I am to have  
a model of courage,  
a beacon of love,  
a guide that runs deep,  
and courses value through my veins.

To know and believe in unconditional love.

I can step away  
from childhood frivolity,  
sacred immaturity,  
and feel the light of  
forgiveness and acceptance...  
"I accept you- there is no need to forgive."

so many childhoods are shattered by  
destructive words,  
chilly bites,  
abuse,  
separation,  
isolation.

How very blessed I am to have  
a model of safety,  
a structure of strength,  
a voice that follows me  
despite my action;  
that rises to the brim of consciousness  
when all has passed.

many try, but fall away,  
from the scaffolds of lessons learned:  
tugs of the heart,  
the solace of righteousness.  
some retain those fibers of goodwill,  
accept these foundations of perseverance,  
respect their message, and  
believe  
deep down,  
despite past shames,

that they are  
Whole and Good.  
They shadow our lives, mirror our being,  
like dream-kissed sleep.

I thank you, for that love  
for that belief in me- no matter what I believed,  
for steadfastness through trials,  
for weight to lean upon,  
for hands to upright me,  
for the bliss in your eyes,  
for the honor in your voice,  
the truth in your heart that entwined with mine,  
for the softest touch- not of the skin-  
but through the essence of my soul.  
for the wisdom you emanate  
like a halo.

I thank you.

for the greatest gift  
I've ever had has been  
You,

My father.

\*\*\* Alvin Hall Smith taught at St. Andrews from 1965-2001.

## And Now

*Ian Burkett*

Its over, and now  
the guilt sets in  
as I watch you pull your blouse back over you  
I see my own reflection *in your eyes*  
and I hate what I see  
as I bathe in my own insecurities  
I don't know how to speak to you  
or even how to think straight.

What should I do?  
I just want to feel like I used to.

## Poem

*Matthew Phelps*

My professor sees me smoking a cigarette.  
He asks why I don't just shoot myself.

I respect him and respect is close to love.  
Hatred too.

It would be hard to enjoy the smoke, I say.

## Deprived of Sleep

*Kim Carter*

The color of red is before my eyes.  
Why do I still see the color upon their hands,  
Laughing and mocking at my soul,  
Always holding to never let go?

The red pumps more and more  
From under the nails on my toes.  
I feel the puddles within and under my feet.  
I drop to my knees and begin to weep.

Memories of my past haunt my brain,  
Never letting me to sleep again.  
Making me relive the day,  
Where I took my life away.

## **Lonely**

*Kevin Tooley*

Faces swarm by me in the halls  
Sometimes a smile greets my eyes  
For the most part a void expression is all I get in return  
Shall I say "Woe is me?"  
No I am a survivor and I know I am loved  
People do not pay attention to me if they only make the effort they would  
see I am here  
I am alive  
Most of the day I cruise by as if mere wallpaper and no one sees me  
But I am here and I am alive and I am loved

## **My Apollo**

*Blair Garnett*

Night falls and I follow suit,  
down below the Sun's grasp.  
Rolling between these silk dreams,  
they bring our ghosts to the foot of my bed-  
far from rest.  
I wait for you to bring the light,  
controller of all.  
But your light is brief and empty.

Your sweetness has made me choke  
and yet now I crave the sickly sweet addiction  
as I follow the thin line that led to you.  
The decay of winter seeps quietly through my thin layers.  
"Smile, the fire is warm," you say as you greet me at the door.

I sit but I bring forth no smile;  
the thoughts that accompany you hold it back.  
The fire burns my cheeks  
and the question is why?  
And the question is Why.

Morning breaks the memories of night into a million tiny shards.  
They slip and fall all around me;  
something to keep the ghosts company.  
But they cut me every time-  
and I love you.

## Cherry Tree

*Courtney Butler*

~1~

I met him under the cherry tree  
Every afternoon  
When the air was thick from new-year blooms  
We played marbles  
On an old blanket  
Whittled on our slingshots  
Or threw pebbles into the brook  
He kissed me there and I hit him back  
We were little then.

~2~

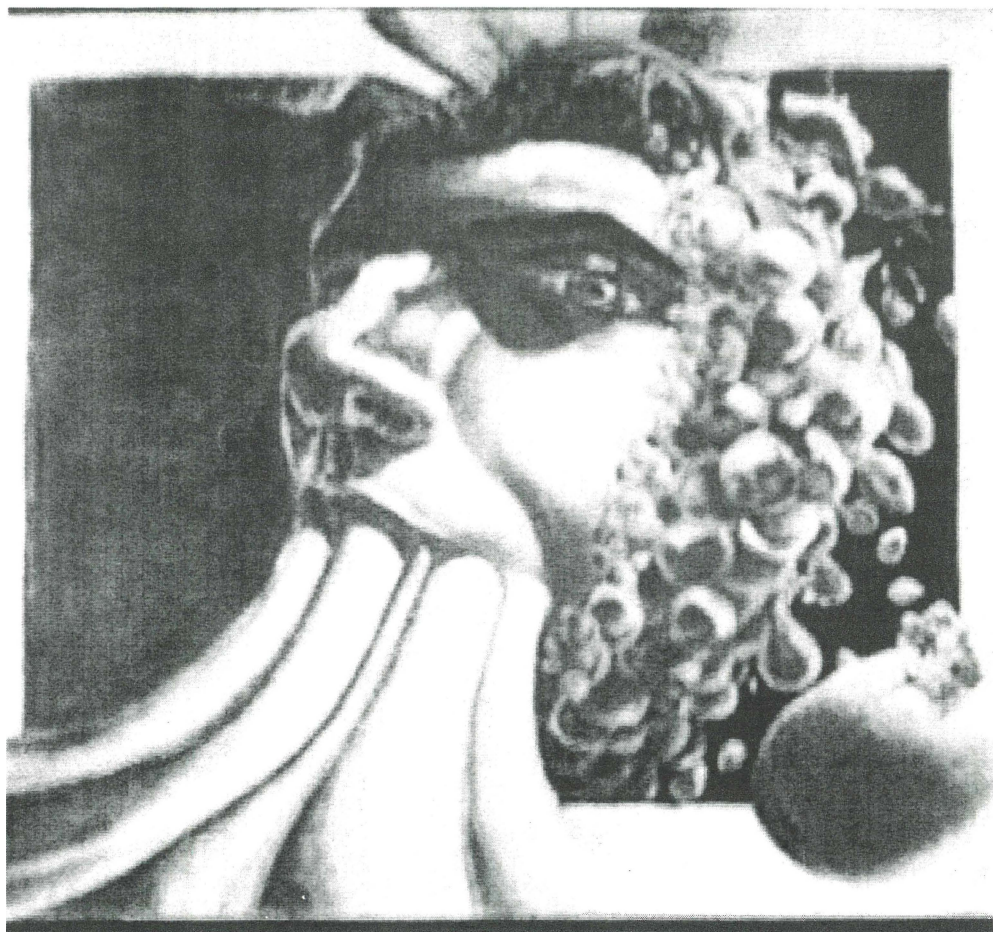
Every night, surrounded by rare summer cool  
We met at the cherry tree  
And clasped tightly  
I would gasp at his touch  
And he would sing softly to me  
He slipped a ring on my fringer and kissed  
Away moon-lit tears  
We were young and the fresh hardy  
Foliage grew around us

~3~

The cherry blossoms were falling away  
when I found him  
Sleeping at sunset  
I put my hand on my belly  
and smiled  
He pulled me down next to him  
Laying his head on my stomach  
and the three of us slept on the fallen blooms

~4~

He slept one last time  
Beneath the boughs  
I pushed the snow away from his headstone  
And stared at the lifeless limbs of the tree  
I brushed away graying hair from my wet cheek and sighed  
Cherry trees are not the same any more  
Now that I am old  
And he is gone



Glitch  
By Gabriel Ortíz

# The Trip

## Jig

### Chance Bell

Winter 2005

Music Score for Bagpipes by Chance Bell

### 7.8.05

*Ian Wallace*

So long, this costume,  
for the mask is caked with sweat  
and I feel unclean.

Desperately quick heat fucks and  
then back phone side for y(a ph)o(on call) u  
that will never come.

Peel away the electrical tape holding down  
my frown  
and take away these gloves that never enjoyed  
another's touch  
just blowjobs and such.

So long, this costume  
for the mask is in the mailbox to scare you into his arms  
and here I go, where you'd never look

### **For Lucille Clifton~ to my Late Period**

*Mason Tate*

I suppose I scared  
the britches right off that  
old gal in the next stall  
in the ladies' room  
at the SavMor  
when I let out a rebel yell  
after seeing your droplets of red  
swirl in the commode

thank you for coming, girl.  
take off your coat and stay  
awhile

## Letter to the Dead

*Marty Silverthorne*

A Sunday somewhere in July it rained so hard  
it held us prisoner between the ditches.  
Water we could not walk or wade,  
we treaded on bald tires to get to your death bed.  
Soaked in two kinds of sorrow, we hurried  
but were too late for your final breath.

Hell holds no heat like the sun scalding us  
the afternoon we leaned over your casket  
not a cloud to save us from the searing heat  
drying up our tears. We need you like you  
needed water to quench your dying thirst,  
death's drought drying us to a husk.

Your watery eyes closed for nearly a year now  
leave every birthday, anniversary, wedding,  
an empty space. If I could call back the dead,  
I would not wake you in this heat to ask you  
what's ticking in the new motor in mother's old car.  
I am tired of tears and wish you peace  
in your travels across the biblical rivers.

Read this letter over the top of your bifocals.  
Do not write back. I will listen for you  
in the music you trained my ears to,  
the slapping piston's percussion or burned  
valves huffing the lawnmower's last breath.  
I seek you in the angry dust behind  
the six-row plow turning the field before  
tobacco, corn or cotton can break ground  
or until darkness runs you home.

*Mike Williams*

**Dar Kolor**  
*Andrew Reynolds*

red washing  
brown  
tight black  
coil  
stretched around  
a balsa form

the frame of which is puzzl  
ing  
the smell of witches  
burning

### **Ghost Drinker**

*K'Hill Lesemann*

That glass sitting on the mantle,  
Above the exhausted fireplace.  
Why did it stay night after night?  
Tinting the wood once the glass is gone,  
To serve as a reminder of the parties  
A nights full of drinking and dancing,  
Carried on into the early hours.  
Once the glass is gone,  
All that will remain,  
Is that faded watermark in the varnish.  
That stain may come out with time,  
But I doubt it.  
The ring will stay and be a ghost,  
Of a drinker the night before.

### **Child's Love**

*Elizabeth Jones*

Flying white petals.  
"He loves me. He loves me not."  
Flowers never lie.

## Cookie and the Doll

*Matthew Phelps*

North of Nome there is a village called Sinuk. At the time of the gold rush the missionaries tried to get the natives to move there to get them away from the corruptive influence of the white miners. The only problem was that the natives like the miners, they were the ones with pots and pans, exotic foods, money, tobacco, booze, gambling, and prostitutes. Also, the miners were less inclined to threaten the natives with eternal damnation and the fiery pits of hell. The village of Sinuk began to dwindle as the natives moved back to Nome and eventually the missionaries found that their mission had departed.

Since Cookie was a modern Eskimo, well versed in the ways of the white man, he would sometimes go to Sinuk to search for artifacts. In the beginning it was easy to find things among the sunken buildings. There were pieces of cookware, scrimshawed walrus tusks, bone utensils, partial obsidian knives. The white men in Nome paid high prices for Eskimo trash and Cookie felt no guilt for what he did.

One Saturday Cookie went to Sinuk with only his shovel. All day he dug around the sunken houses, it was harder now to find things for each year the ground swallowed more of the buildings and pushed the village further into the earth. All the town had been dug up and picked through but there were still occasional finds. Cookie dug around and around in circles until he was hot and tired from the heat of the summer sun and the weight of the shovel. He entered what had once been a house but was now little more than a roof. He began to dig again but was soon tired and threw the shovel down in disgust. He walked out from under the roof for air and then returned to get his shovel before heading home. There where he had been digging, where nothing had been before was a native ivory doll. Cookie had not seen one like it in years, not since his grandmother had sold hers to a Frenchman in Nome for a small fortune. The French loved these dolls and would pay great sums of money for them. Cookie was thrilled at his find and carefully unearthed the rest of the doll and brought it home with him.

When he got home, Cookie placed the doll on his kitchen counter. Already he was thinking of keeping it himself. There was something eerie about it but he could not get over the impression that the doll was watching him. It would fetch a fine price but there was a part of him that did not want to see it in a Frenchman's hands.

A smell of rotting meat came into Cookie's house and would not go away. Cookie opened the windows and doors and set fans going while he searched for the source of the smell. Finally he picked up the doll and held it to his nose. Sure enough that was where the smell was coming from. It made no sense to him, the doll was made of ivory. He took it to his garage and set it on the workbench. This was better but the smell in the garage grew stronger until he could not park his car there and had to leave it out on the street.

This will not do, he decided at last, and he build a wooden frame taller than the doll but slightly wider and thicker. I am a modern Eskimo, he said to himself. I don't believe in any of this but I will put an end to it all the same. He placed the doll in the center of the frame and mixed clear epoxy and hardener together and then poured the mixture into the frame. He left it on the workbench to harden for several days and then came back and broke the frame away. Now his doll was centered in the epoxy block and he held it to his nose and smelled nothing but glue. He brought the doll back into his house and set it on the kitchen table. After three days the smell of rotten meat returned to his house and Cookie looked at the doll and saw that it had moved. Where it had been centered before, now the doll had risen in its epoxy from so that it threaten to come out of the top. Cookie brought the doll to a Frenchman and sold it for less than he should have.

## Three Takes on February 14, 2006

*Thomas Heffernan*

### Haiku

Lake at Valentine's...  
a mallard pair towing  
a glistening V

### Senryu

Valentine's...  
red petals fallen in  
Wal-Mart's onion bin

### Tanka

Valentine's, New York  
soon after the big blizzard  
parents in red sweats  
kids sledding Sheep Meadow  
snowmen smile in Central Park

## **Maggie**

*Chelsea Hughes*

You peed in the car,  
Chewed on our ankles,  
And slept under the Christmas tree.

You ate a coke can,  
Drank all my Gatorade,  
And begged for food.

You scarred my leg,  
Hurt my arm,  
And bit a hole through my nose.

You could sit,  
Struggle to speak,  
And hated to lie down.

You were a comfort  
And a friend.

## A Train South

*Kelly Rothlisberger*

Remember our trip from Sterling?  
the train rocking you to sleep  
The way the clatter of the tracks  
gave us a rhythm to sing to

Remember our trip from Sterling?  
How you smiled at me  
and held my hand as  
we slid into the chairs.

Remember our trip from Sterling?  
Passing of the English country side  
Castles standing erect, like soldiers  
going into battle  
Some already wounded

Remembering our trip from Sterling  
the man with pale skin and painted eyes,  
who sat next to you, forcing you  
closer to me.

Remember our trip from Sterling?  
I do

## **Sir Your not Supposes to Smoke on the Train**

*J.A.W Shroeter*

He got on the train that day, pretty much the same way he did every day. Ripped jeans, beat up Converse All Stars, and a fading old Smashing Pumpkins T-shirt. His hair hung just below his chin, dirty blond and unwashed. An unlit cigarette held between his lips. His headphones hung around his neck, emitting no sounds whatsoever.

He walked on at the same stop he always gets on at, and just plopped down on the first empty seat by the doors. The train car itself almost completely abandoned. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a red, transparent plastic lighter as the train doors closed. He lit the cigarette, inhaling deeply and letting the pale gray smoke curl out of his nostrils and up over his vision.

The middle aged woman sitting halfway down the train car turned to look at him through her large, thick, prescription sunglasses. She held her purse a little tighter to her heavily embroidered sweatshirt.

"Sir," she said at the man, wearing a look of annoyance. "Sir, you're not supposed to smoke on the train."

He didn't hear her. His gaze was fixed at the opposite end of the train, on a familiar face that sat kitty corner from him. It was a face that he hadn't seen in nearly four years, but she still looked the same. The short black hair, the pretty face, her beautiful body, nothing had changed.

"Hey," she said with a smile as she noticed him looking at her. He took another drag from his cigarette.

"Sir," she said in a calmer tone. "You're not...supposed to smoke...on the train." He looked at her blankly for a moment, as the train pulled to a stop. She watched in silence as the man stood up and dropped the finished cigarette on the train floor, grinding it out with his shoe. She kept watching as he stepped off the train when the doors opened, and lit another cigarette, as they closed behind him.

## Lucerne

*Emily Threlkeld*

I'm crammed inside a phone booth  
It's muggy  
The door smudged with fingerprints  
The walls marred with white graffiti  
I have not called home in seven days  
The instructions are in German  
I am an American  
I took French in high school  
I have not called home in seven days  
I'm screwed

I try to stick my credit card in  
It won't take it  
I try to stick it in upside down  
It won't take it  
I try to stick it in sideways  
It won't take it  
I have not called home in seven days

Suddenly, by some miracle  
(more likely by some accident)  
The phone is ringing  
I am not screwed  
the phone is ringing  
I do not care how much this costs  
Ringing  
I swear I'll learn German when I get home

Still ringing  
And I'm crying  
Because in this moment, I hate this phone booth  
I hate Switzerland  
I hate Europe  
I just want to go home

But I'd settle for someone picking up the phone  
I want to hear a voice  
Not just this hollow  
ringing.

## **Another Shot**

*Elizabeth Jones*

She stood alone in the dark of the night,  
While voices whispered with their small demand.  
They asked for her life with claims to the light  
As she held the gun shaking in her hand.

Illusions of joy at the tunnel's end  
Pulled the cold barrel closer to her hand.  
Continued whispers sounding like a friend  
Encouraged her in this new path to tread.

But then another voice spoke from the dark,  
"They have been lying to you from the start."  
Trying to keep the bullet from its mark,  
It begged and pleaded softly to her heart.

This voice held love that the other did not.  
She figured she could give life one more shot.

## **Wandering Jealousy**

*Crystal Foreman*

I looked up as you swoop down cascading your wings in all their beauty for me to see.  
As I watch in wonder, you fly freely among the creatures of the sky, beautiful and great.  
Jealousy arises in my soul for I am trapped, everything pulling, not sure which way to go,  
Not sure who I am meant to be, not sure why I exist.

As I look above, my eyes catch yours.  
I see the dark wondering beauty within your soul.  
For one brief moment, I feel the freedom you have known for a lifetime.

## **Real Music**

*Andrew McKenzie*

The lights shine brightly on the stage. The instruments glimmer as they move slightly every so often. The music echoes through the hall, streaming from ear to ear. He is nervous because of all the people, though he cannot see them, past the spotlights. The music fades to a marginal blend of noise; he is in a daze, not aware of his surrounding, in his own little sphere of worry. He knows that he must stand up and perform, regardless of how he feels, and he wishes the moment will never come, it feels and infinite away, but at the same time he just wants his solo to pass.

He stands up, his whole body quivering, and his legs are just barely supporting him. He walks to the front right side of the stage quickly, maybe a little too quickly, and not graceful enough. The audience can sense his nervousness from his abrupt movements.

He begins his solo, and his clarinet lets out a squawk that even a deaf man could hear. After a few measures of music, he begins to settle in and feel a little more relaxed. Then he stops, the next passage has slipped his mind; he would like nothing more than for Oswald to come out from behind the stage curtains with anything that can make a bullet fly into his head. Unfortunately, God would not grace him with this one wish on this night. Instead, he shamefully walked back towards his chair. He tripped over a music stand, and fell down, halfway to his seat.

## **Blank Verse' Whores of History**

*Sara Messina*

To the whores throughout history, this verse.  
You bareed your souls to share greatness with all.  
You end vulnerable and exhausted.  
For all the cleverness you have shown us,  
By hiding in twisted, strange images,  
The truth of your unique reality.  
Sounds issuing forth, beautiful and yet,  
Leaving the mouth begging for the next drop.  
Next, furious, passionate emotions,  
Rising and stirring, wild within the heart.  
Long live this great, provocative profession!  
To the whores throughout history. You are  
Poets, artists, writers and composers,  
Whom through art themselves bared, for our betterment.

## **In the Dark**

*Corey Krutsch*

How can you be afraid of the dark?  
                  she said  
Behind hooded eyes  
It is always dark  
And you have no fear  
Of shutting them.

It is not the dark that I fear,  
                  I replied,  
But that which lurks within it.

## Canto X

*Carter Smith*

Sand slipped silently through the hour glass  
as navigation became a challenge in Florence  
One month gone already  
and another 2 in Uffici queue  
While Ave Maria sang softly, "NO PICTURES!"  
Obscenities sound the same in all languages  
so the Tinman decided to ask for a new tongue instead  
with a haircut and cow stomach in ours  
we descended upon the fish  
Free koolaid and euro dancing warrant theft  
and no,  
I do not wish my girlfriend was raw like you  
Bob stopped by later and scribbled an intoxicated entry  
while the balcony of Byron hummed in the night  
"So what else is going on?"  
40 euro  
that's whats going on  
and another hundred on the train as usura groaned in defeat,  
again  
After breaking the sound barrier to the Dorf,  
Max pump-faked the stop  
almost killing the creeper, and nearly spewing the concoct'ion of rice,  
peas,  
carrots,  
and hotdogs  
approximately 1000 sugar cubes  
per absinthe bottle is a fine ratio  
Where as "Tenillecheats"  
doesn't quite work in scrabble  
Rain rain go away, unless you cancel another work day  
Chores ignored and tempers flooded  
as a W.B. hit the fan  
And high on his wood pedestal Adam watched,  
as Eve ro led nets and sat at her table,  
d'scontent  
"What's a hole d'gging farm?"  
The question on Todd's mind as he fell off the roof of the woodsnead  
"and could we please get the th'ink out of S'zzo"  
So another 2 days were tacked on  
But the negotiat on ski ls go on y so far  
and the slippery trail to Meran weakened focus,

The starting gun rang out at the bus stop,  
while Thuringer crowd surfed, then took a seat  
Walking proudly through the Dorf  
    it was discovered that Germans are attracted  
        to women with bladder problems  
Mighty Zeus thundered down the decree, "No bon fire tonight!"  
    while the confused potatoes sat in the oven,  
foil-less

"Shuffle me now!" said Ms. Cleo  
Slamming her palm on the table  
The great Beer-a-mid had a weak foundation  
and suffered the same fate as its inebriated builder  
    CRASH! onto the floor  
    lungs collapsed  
and strange tongues muttered cryptic omens  
"Tiramisu is much too good to share" said Angus  
    as the rest went dessertless a fortnight  
A 2nd attempt was made  
    and with the gift of green  
        pineapple juice is nothing but tasty  
The last night of Long Island Iced Tea had begun  
numerous tequila shots will slump even Mere's posture  
and no amount of praying will defer this course  
"Oh my Gawd" said St. Vitus  
    with a quick stricker cart ride  
and just as we reached home plate,  
    flood gates opened,  
    and loud, thundering wave,  
        swallowed the room  
hand-washed then face-washed, the situation was contained,  
    and celebrated with stolen apples  
    "I meant to put those there"  
as the glasses were snatched from our hands  
    "Yeah Laugh!..." echoed in the vineyard  
Oh we will  
    as the plastic slipped under the sheets  
Reaching through the cobwebs, Nik retrieved a dusty grappa bottle  
that will make a fine study drink  
    as the vermin roosted in the kitchen and croft  
Green apples and breath mints marked the midterm  
and at last we achieved what Icarus could not

A grander entrance was never seen  
as Dionysis suddenly threw open the door  
and smashed Bacardi  
all over the floor

When the tower finally collapsed  
the tribes split

Swimming in the sea of green  
the 3rd eye is a little r

but so soft

locked in a semi-circle of sin

mmm Burger king

mmm French fries

Same meowed in approval

the discount for Guinness employees inspired a jig for Baccus, unifying the Oliver in song and dance.

"What was Norway doing with troops in Central Asia?"

30

The music stopped at the Fourcourts,  
leaving nothing but a couch at the Brewery vacant  
Viva Venezia with a clean shirt on  
Nyx greeted the streets with loneliness and hunger  
    Scent of lemon floated among the flowers  
        as soft prayer whispered for a friend never known  
"haven't you been here for like a week?" she asked,  
    while j-styles tour of the infinite Venetian abyss dragged on  
Once duly serenaded  
the hidden nest was abandoned in search of a penny  
hephaestus forged some hard cannonballs and self made fun,  
while the horde of beer quickly disappeared  
    Eos rose slowly from the horizon  
        bringing the banana dance to a halt  
        as the soft, darktide rolled in  
        another day gone  
            another month long

## **Your Last Beer** (inspired by W.C.W) *Kelly Rothlisberger*

I am sorry  
Drew but I had to  
tell you that I  
drank your last beer.

The one that you probably  
want right now  
But don't feel bad  
it wasn't cold.

### 8.2.03

Ian Wallace

Summer storm & tie-dye braless night

Tell me, can you hear me over the rain?

Your letters are quietly locked in a drawer somewhere.

Wrapped in an old string of unfilled beads,

with the panties you left hanging from the arbor

white  
night  
light.

It's trembling time out on this warped porch.

As we run our feet over the matted green floss.

there is the slightest chance I will see you tomorrow

careening in your shoe through where i will

graze your hit to a confused, backwards glance.

Do you enjoy love in front of others anymore?

Because you used to with him as the thunder

knocked the lights out, & I crashed through our crowd  
to grope you (yes, my dear). Forgotten, my place

as that night the door shut again & *again & again...* (*giggling virgins*)

& it wasn't early that I left, but not long that I stayed.

All the ink I've piled upon you from Aquarian dreams  
& memories grow blurred to kissing me, fucking him, running  
free &

the basket of CD's

Either it's hot out, or I'm crying again.

## Geodesicdom

*Andrew Reynolds*

1

Energies in the shapes of  
kites, shirts,  
paper bags

string & pulley  
new fulcrum  
a geodesic dome

The winds are colder now  
again, October,  
dryer  
my lungs are awake

I tie string to chest  
to kite again  
& finger to key  
electricity

I run among simple machines

2

Snakes  
&th ladder  
at rest

cool wind for weather  
& kites again

chest to star & star  
to star in chest again

3  
Building the god structure  
w/ her

Geodesicdom,  
& kite weather

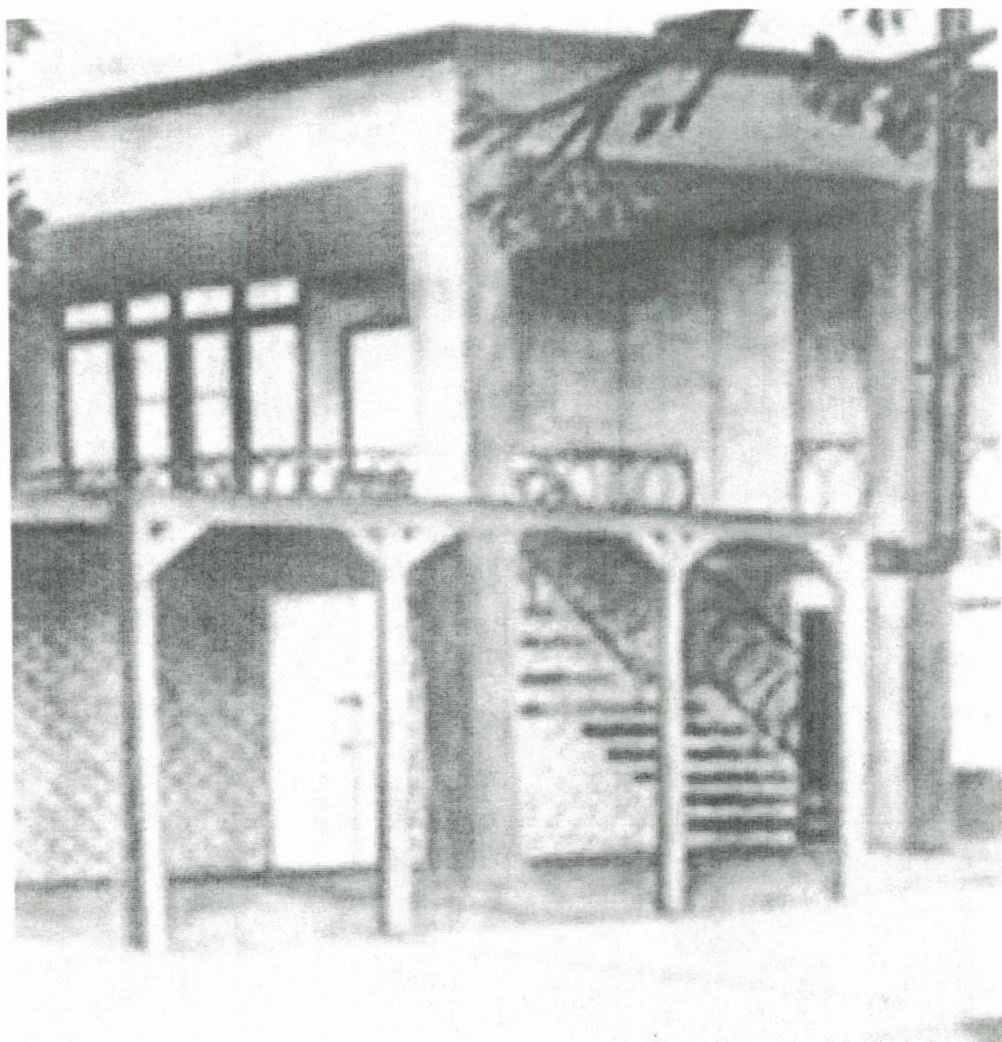
new fulcrum,  
string & pulley

last night we ate  
spaghetti  
& I thought about  
medusa

They practically  
build themselves



Florence by Meredith Yager



2 Point- Perspective  
By Zack Miller



**Treasure Hunt**  
*Martha Mabry*

## **Lebanon Farmer's Market**

*Heidi Noelle Hartbarger*

In June

The trees rain caterpillars

In the village green of

Picnic tables, hanging quilts, and harmonica dancin' kids.

In the stand across from mine,

There is a whip thin girl

Messy haired and pretty as a boy.

She sells vegetables,

And

....

## **Movies**

*Jordon Phillips*

Only in the movies, can people eat & eat!

Only in the movies, people are fine.

Only in the movies, we hear this all the time!

No one is lonely, no one is sad.

Only in the movies, life can't be bad.

Every ones in love, every ones happy.

Only in the movies, is romance aplenty.

Only in the movies gorgeous girl gets the gorgeous guy.

Only in the movies, no one has to say good bye.

## Red Nails

*Gilbert Abraham*

While playing in my sand box  
A pineapple crown of naps and disheveled hair  
Crept above the horizon of the hill towards  
Me in a red tubular dress.

I continued playing with my sand,  
And shovel, as they empty vessel lurched past,  
As if she were a justice delivering a verdict,  
Or a server doling out my nightmare,

With open toed shoes in one hand, and a cigarette in the others,  
She wildly careened down the road,  
Like a starved beast in the desert,  
Waiting to strike,

I watched from my sand box as all went mute,  
An officer of the law approached the lady in red,  
Exchanging a few words, the lady stretched out,  
As if she had rigamortus and he began frisking the woman,

He laid his hands on her and began messaging her breasts,  
Searching for doors,  
As he invaded her crevices and orifices,  
Her red finger nails, and toenails began to resonate,

The innards of popped cherries slinked across her cuticles,  
Clinched tightly to ribbed erect members,  
That bore the tender and wild ravishment of kisses,  
Red kisses, red dresses, red nails,

The scarlet dress dropped, where darkness falls,  
And piss streams down the legs of grown men,  
Sweat rises and smacks with the passionate and athletic,  
Fucking of lustful lovers,

Where afterbirth, semen, excretion, and defecation,  
Form a mélange of sloppy, wet gook,  
And that cop within his prodding and quarry,  
Retrieves a vile of crack lodged,

In doors,  
in doors men can only be invited,  
in red kisses, red dresses, and red nails.

## **I AM**

*Rona Leach*

Who am I?  
Well, allow me to introduce myself.  
I am a creator!  
I create rhythm.  
I create a beat.  
I create the melodious sound that makes your emotions  
    Rock, roll, rise, fall, slide, and glide  
As you read each word.

I create an awareness within you.  
I am your imagination, your inner being.  
I provide a mirror through words which allows you to  
    Comprehend what I say, but most important,  
    Forces you to see who you are.  
I am you!

I sometimes create pain, but many times happiness.  
I am the creator of humor, but many times, the literary  
    Inventor of a philosophy created for your own interpretation.

Yes, I am melody.  
Melody in the written verse which has the power to draw one  
    Into his own personal world of imagination and meaning.  
Melody which captivates the mind and allows the heart and  
    Soul of one to dance to the rhythm and beat of his own  
    Cadence.

Yes, I am an artist who skillfully and patiently toils to create  
    With the stroke of a pen, an everlasting masterpiece.  
A masterpiece which will leave a permanent imprint on your  
    Mind and in your heart, allowing you to experience life  
    To the fullest!  
Yes, I Am.

**29 September 2003**  
*Sarah Espinoza-Sokal*

The sun rose red in the morning,  
And the glow lasted on and on...  
I should have danced in its light allday,  
But I let the everyday cloud my sky,  
And I didn't cherish the time.  
My daybreak was false.  
I was enjoying without knowing,  
The dying glory of a sinking sun.

**Solitary Leaves**  
*Mike Williams*

Solitary leaves  
Spotted and wrinkled  
Sit together in piles  
Dead and dying  
Beneath their homes  
Or miles away

**A Poet of Witness**  
*Ted Wojtasik*

"I have seen what I have seen.  
When they brought the boy I said:  
'He has a god in him,  
though I do not know which god.'"

I wrote a letter to Matthew Phelps  
Last summer and told him  
That he was a poet of witness:

"That is, you write about the world as you witness it. This might not be the best analogy, but it's as if you take snapshots not only of what you see but also of what you think and feel and vibrate with to commit that to paper. I suppose it's somewhat similar to Pounds' imagism."

## "Imaginary Hitler Speech, late 1944"

*James Varner*

March on, brave men  
Defend Europe against her invaders  
Protect the Reich and her people  
From their plans for eradication

March on, brave men  
Things look bleak but we fight anyway  
We fight because we must  
For surrender would mean certain death

March on, brave men  
Waging an idealistic war  
Fighting for ideals and beliefs  
Against terrible odds

March on, brave men  
Although we may very well die  
We will lay down our lives  
So that others might live

March on, brave men  
To Valhalla

*Kemp Gregory*

I'm dialing mother  
From Clinic Cape  
Fear, adjacent  
To bleary Fort Bragg.  
"Matthew, 10 pounds  
of grandson, was born  
at 2:39; I've told  
you first, as promised'  
& 20 years to the day—  
you need to enjoy  
these decades— you will suffer

a cardiac fall  
at Heartland's Home  
for the Aged; on the Tuesday before  
you die, I will  
feed you hospital  
dinner; we will half-  
watch a basketball  
blowout on the screen  
in your private room;  
I will remember  
You were afraid  
To sip any water (for fear  
Of further retention, swelling, the load  
On a lousy pump);

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## **Book Review**

*Ronald H. Bayes*

The Work Of The Sun by Charles Edward Eaton

304pp., \$ 25.00. Cornwell Books

Cranbury, New Jersey

The Work of the Sun encompasses Eaton's new and selected poems over an eleven year period. It is his seventeenth volume of poetry. It is wonderful. Eaton has been praised by the greats of the 20th Century, including Frost, Pound, and Robert Lowell. That's one reason why it disturbs me when I see critics, even friendly critics, refer to him as a regional poet, for indeed he has few peers and no superiors on the scene in the English speaking world today.

This book contains work from five important earlier works and a stunning sixth section whose title graces this collection.

Charles Edward Eaton's measured and penetrating voice is unique. His humane good will, penetrating intelligence and sense of humor and whimsy delight and satisfy. I confess that I love the book's radiant and strong title-- matched by its gorgeous design, which resonates gloriously, reminding me of my earlier favorite Eaton book which bears the powerful title, The Work of the Wrench. Talk about high eroticism! "The suntanned skin, the tawny fur, the tension of the leap--/Who told you beauty and the beast could never share the self same paradise." ("The Lynx")

Eaton can sustain remarkable tension. He never frays through exaggeration. One reason may be that he masterfully refuses to release the reality of beauty conjoined with the realistic horrors of our comedia. In this he is wholly consistent. (I think of the young novelist Abigail DeWitt.) Note the ending of the "the Stretcher"--

So for a moment you are shuttled there--  
Someone, something, has carried you away,  
The naked soldier on the violet bank.  
There are those who hate the just so carried,  
Not knowing that the wink can wage its wars,  
The bird from the eye bear up the lover.  
Just as the corpse corners the stretcher,  
The sway of the hammock will let it go.

The tropical and semi-tropical influence many of Eaton's poems. Water and the blue, flowers and gold and bronze. He views the glories of sensual youth, the threat of jadedness, and the inevitable invasions of memory unflinchingly, employing apt metaphor at every turn.

Have these trees been groped much too much before  
Like a stale mistress with the lights turned off,  
The odors of old happiness everywhere?--

.....

There is a hare trembling far down the road,  
His two eyes glittering like life-enamored jewels--  
This is for you when you can stand no more.

Or:

Because you see we do not want to be quite lost--  
We mean to come up from the depths, wear the blue  
mantle in the sun.

Swing the oranges like censers for our Pentecost.

Or:

The upthrust nipple of the lover charms  
The lips-- can love be swallowed bit by bit?

Or:

You do not need civil tongues, only blue  
When you come to loot my house and leave.  
I am burning incense on a lily:  
It matters only that you catch my drift

No one is more able to bring to the fore the hearttracing realities of dream measured against earned and unearned results when dream surprises reality-- and the other way round.

The new poems in the last and title section of *The Work of the Sun* has its summings up.

One of my favorites is from "Deep Breathing at Midnight."

The reason I do not wince and rattle  
Is quite simple. The concept has learned one  
Lasting trick: starlight, yes, hot cheeks,  
brushing lips,  
An eyelid closing on a parable.

I cannot imagine being without Eaton's books. Here is a master of our time. Praise him! Savor him!

-- Ronald H. Bayes

## **Trailer Park Laundry**

*Andrew Potter*

A slow drag...  
Off a big cigar  
An old man grins

A black mutt  
Slumps by a sign  
"No dogs in the laundry room"

One red sock-  
Hangs limp  
On the slack clothesline

Two bottle Blondes:  
Sit oily in the sun  
Cigarettes burn slow.

## **Trail Lake, 4:47 A.M.**

*Andrew Potter*

A couch burns  
On the gravel beach  
Two punks play with paint cans

The water ripples  
I slide the canoe silently  
Into the cold glassy water

Staring at the mountains  
Waiting for sunrise  
My paddle girgles

The sky lights up  
Silence is broken  
An aerosol can explodes.

## **The Fire**

*Emily Threlkeld*

It's nothing like you see on TV  
The shot of the fire truck  
The calm narrator  
The illusion of control

You drive up and see your charred house,  
A street full of red trucks.  
A sea of fire fighters  
They're sitting on your lawn  
They're drinking water  
They're laughing

The local news won't show you  
Walking through your busted door in a raincoat  
Stepping over puddles in your bedroom  
Realizing that it's raining in your kitchen

And you really don't care about anything  
Not the antique hardwood floors  
Not the shattered mirror  
Not your soaking mattress  
You just want your grandfather's flag  
And your box of journals and —  
Oh, god, the cat—  
Where the hell is the cat?

## Lunch with Billy Collins

*Kemp Gregory*

At wilderness Wok, the egg  
Rolls and tofu are exquisite.  
Really. Almost a match  
For the wisdom  
Of Billy Collins,  
Whose fifth book of verse is open before me

To the poem "Japan."  
At the close of that striking butterfly  
Piece, I thumb for no  
Reason to the volume's  
Final acid-  
Free page.  
The black & white photo

At the back of the Picnic,  
Lightning, shows me  
Billy is balding,  
But happy. His gentle,  
Firm demeanor reminds me

Of a softened Shotgun  
Amurai, with sentences  
As swords, polite  
When they cut  
& slice. If I ever

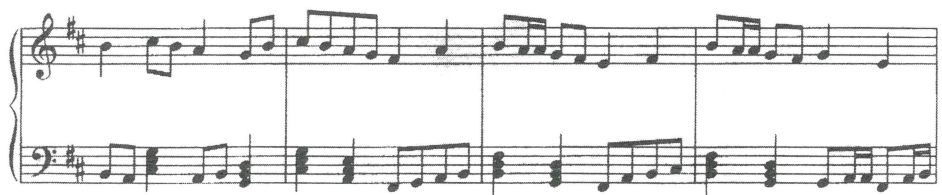
have lunch with Billy,  
I'll offer him incense  
& tea, or maybe  
Nothing but the present

Piece, which tells  
Him a simple tale  
About me, yours

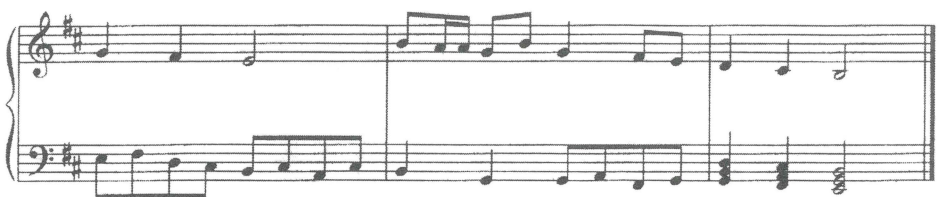
Truly, a pot-bellied  
Bard whose head  
He may already  
Have.

Ein Kommentar auf Leben

R. Bauer



Music Composition by R. Bauer







Gra